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Without that there can be nothing worthy of the name; but in an unsettled state of the relations of the two countries, all attempts at reduction will be baffled by the cry of war, accompanied by insinuations against the patriotism of those who may be so hardy as to make them. Should the treaty be ratified, an end will be put to that, and no excuse or pretext be left to delay the great and indispensable work of reform.

These are not the only reasons for wanting peace. We want it, to enable the people and the States to extricate themselves from their embarrassments. They are both borne down by heavy debts, contracted in a period of fallacious prosperity, from which there is no other honest and honorable extrication but the payment of what is due. To enable both States and individuals to pay their debts, they must be left in full possession of all their means, with as little exactions or restrictions on their industry as possible on the part of this government. To this a settled state of peace, and an open and free commerce are indispensable. With these, and the increasing habits of economy and industry now every where pervading the country, the period of embarrassment will soon pass away, to be succeeded by one of permanent and healthy prosperity.

Peace, is indeed, our policy. A kind Providence has cast our lot on a portion of the globe sufficiently vast to satisfy the most grasping ambition, and abounding in resources beyond all others, which only require to be fully developed to make us the greatest and most prosperous people on earth. To the full development of the vast resources of our country, we have political institutions most happily constituted. With a system so happily constituted, let a durable and firm peace be established, and this government be confined rigidly to the few great objects for which it was instituted; leaving the States to contend in generous rivalry, to develop, by the arts of peace, their respective resources; and a scene of prosperity and happiness would follow, heretofore unequalled on the globe. I trust that this treaty may prove the first step towards such a peace. Once established with Great Britain, it would not be difficult, with moderation and prudence, to establish permanent peace with the rest of the world, when our most sanguine hopes of prosperity may be realized.

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#### A SOLDIER'S EXPERIENCE.

Nearly all our knowledge of war is derived from the concessions or incidental disclosures of its friends; and the late wars of Europe furnished a vast multitude of such testimonies to its real character and results. Of these we quote a few sketches from the published journal of a Scotch soldier from 1806 to 1815. A pet in his father's family, he was spoiled by indulgence; and, having failed in his efforts for a livelihood on the stage, he joined, in a fit of desperation, a party of recruits. We cannot follow his whole career; but our extracts may suffice to show the young, aspiring soldier what he is to expect in war, and what are the invariable attendants of this unchristian and barbarous custom.

FIRST SCENES OF A RECRUIT.—“We were quickly leaving behind all that was dear to me, and all that I ought to regret; the shores of Lothian had vanished; we had passed Dunbar. I was seized with a sudden agitation; a menacing voice seemed to ask, ‘What do you here? What is to become of your parents?’ The blood forsook my heart; a delirium followed, and I fell on the deck. I have no recollection of what passed for some days. I was roused out of my lethargy by a bustle over my head. It was the fearful noise of a storm, which had overtaken us in Yarmouth roads. The looks of despair, and the lamentable cries of the passengers, pierced me. I looked upon myself as the only cause of our present danger,

like Jonah, overtaken in my guilty flight. The thought of acknowledging myself the sole cause of the storm, more than once crossed my mind. I certainly would have done so, had not the violent rocking of the vessel disqualified me from leaving the bed on which I lay. I was obliged to press my feet against one side, and my shoulder against another, to preserve myself from receiving contusions. Striving to assuage the anguish of my feelings in prayer, I was the only composed person there: all around me were bewailing their fate in tears and lamentations.

"Without further accident, we arrived safe at the Isle of Wight. Now I began to drink the cup of bitterness. How different was my situation from what it had been! Forced from bed at five o'clock each morning, to get all things ready for drill; then drilled for three hours with the most unfeeling rigor, and often beat by the sergeant for the faults of others, I, who had never been crossed at home—I, who never knew fatigue, was now fainting under it. This I bore without a murmur, as I had looked to it in my engagement. My greatest sufferings were where I had not expected them. I could not associate with the common soldiers; their habits made me shudder. I feared an oath—they never spoke without one. I could not drink—they loved liquor. They gamed—I knew nothing of play. Thus was I a solitary individual among hundreds.

THE SOLDIER'S FIRST BATTLE—THAT OF MONTE VIDEO.—"This was the first blood I had ever seen shed in battle; the first time the cannon had roared in my hearing, charged with death. I was not yet seventeen years of age, and had not been six months from home. My limbs bending under me with fatigue, in a sultry clime, the musket and accoutrements that I was forced to carry were insupportably oppressive. Still I bore all with invincible patience. During the action, the thought of death never once crossed my mind. After the firing commenced, a still sensation stole over my whole frame, a firm determined torpor, bordering on insensibility. I heard an old soldier answer, to a youth like myself, who inquired what he should do during the battle, 'Do your duty.'

"As the battalion to which I belonged returned from the pursuit, we passed, in our way to the camp, over the field of the dead. It was too much for my feelings; I was obliged to turn aside my head from the horrid sight. The birds of prey seemed to contend with those who were burying the slain, for the possession of the bodies. Horrid sight! Men who, in the morning, exulting, trode forth in strength, whose minds, only fettered by their bodies, seemed to feel restraint, now lay shockingly mangled, and a prey to animals; and I had been an assistant in this work of death! I almost wished I had been a victim.

HARDSHIPS.—"Until the 2d of November, my fatigue was great; constructing batteries and other works, we were forced to labor night and day. My hands, when I left home, were white and soft; now they were excoriated and brown, and, where they were unbroken, as hard as horn. Often overpowered by fatigue, sleep has sealed my eyes; I have awoke groaning with thirst, and the intense heat of my hands. It was then I felt, in all its horror, the folly of my former conduct. Bitter was the sigh that acknowledged my punishment was just.

"Our labor was incessant; every day we were either on guard or on fatigue. All the time we remained here, we were not a night in bed, out of two; besides, the weather was dreadful; we had always either snow or hail, the hail often as large as nuts. We were forced to put our knapsacks on our heads to protect us from its violence. The mules at these times used to run crying up and down, hurt by the stones. The frost was most severe, accompanied by high winds. Often for whole days and nights we could not get a tent to stand. Many of us were frost-bitten, and others were found dead at their posts. At this time, I cursed my hard fate, and groaned over my folly. Frequently have I been awakened through the

night by the sobs of those around me in the tent; more especially by the young soldiers who had not been long from their mothers' fire-sides. They often spent the darkness of the night in tears.

SCENE OF DOMESTIC ANGUISH.—Upon the return of our Scotch soldier to Britain, his first care was to write to his father from Cork, remitting him the amount of ten doubloons, which he had brought from South America. To this letter he received an affectionate reply from his brother, telling him that his father was no more, and wishing him to quit the army, and return home. "He received your letter," says the brother, "two days before his death. He was, at the time, propped up in bed. It was a beautiful forenoon. William and myself were at his bedside; Jean and our dear mother each held a hand. Our father said in his usual manner, 'My dear children, I feel the time at hand in which I am to bid adieu to this scene of troubles. I would go to my final abode content and happy, would it please God to let me hear of Thomas; if dead, that our ashes might mingle together; if alive, to convey to him my pardon and blessings; for, ere now, I feel conscious, he mourns for his faults. As he spoke, your letter arrived. He opened it himself; and, as he read, his face beamed with joy, and the tears ran down his cheeks; 'Gallant, unfortunate boy, may God bless and forgive you as I do.'

SUFFERINGS INCIDENT TO MARCHES.—"We marched (in Portugal), which for twelve miles, up to the knees in sand, caused us to suffer much from thirst; for the marching made it rise and cover us. We lost four men of our regiment, who died of thirst. We buried them where they fell.

"On the 25th, Christmas day, we commenced our route for the sea-coast, melancholy and dejected, sinking under extreme cold and fatigue, as if the very elements had conspired against us. Then commenced the first day of our retreat. On the 26th, it rained the whole day, without intermission. The soil here is of a deep rich loam, and the roads were knee-deep with clay. To form a regular march was impossible, yet we kept in regiments; but our sufferings were so great, that many of our troops lost all their natural activity and spirits, and became savage in their dispositions. The idea of running away from an enemy we had beat with so much ease at Vimeira, without even firing a shot, was too galling to their feelings. Each spoke, to his fellow, even in common conversation, with bitterness; rage flashing from their eyes, even on the most trifling occasions of disagreement.

"In the course of our retreat, we reached the mountainous pass of Foncebadon. It is about eight or nine miles long. All the way through this pass, the silence was only interrupted by the groans of the men, who, unable to proceed farther, laid themselves down in despair to perish in the snow; or where the report of a pistol told of the death of a horse, which had fallen down, unable to proceed. I felt an unusual listlessness steal over me. Many times have I said, 'These men who have resigned themselves to their fate, are happier than I. What have I to struggle for? Welcome death! happy deliverer!' These thoughts passed in my mind involuntarily. Often have I been awakened out of this state of torpor, by my constant friend Donald, when falling out of the line of march to lie down in despair. The rain poured in torrents; the melted snow was half knee-deep in many places, and stained by the blood that flowed from our wounded and bruised feet. To add to our misery, we were forced by turns to drag the baggage. This was more than human nature could sustain.

"From Villa Franca we set out on the 2d January, 1809. What a New-year's day had we passed! Drenched with rain, famished with cold and hunger, ignorant when our misery was to cease. This was the most dreadful period of my life. How differently did we pass our *hogmanay*, from the manner our friends were passing theirs, at home. Not a voice said, 'I wish you a happy new-year;' each seemed to look upon his

neighbor as an abridgment to his own comforts. His looks seemed to say 'One or the other of the articles you wear would be of great use to me; your shoes are better than those I possess; if you were dead they would be mine.'

"Many came up to the army dreadfully wounded by the French cavalry, who rode through the long lines of these lame defenceless wretches, slashing among them as a school-boy does amongst thistles. Some of them, faint and bleeding, were forced to pass along the line as a warning to others. Cruel warning! Could the urgency of the occasion justify it? There was something in the appearance of these poor, emaciated, lacerated wretches, that sickened to look upon. Many around me said, 'Our commanders are worse than the French; will they not even let us die in peace, if they cannot help us?' Surely this was one way to brutalize the men, and render them familiar to scenes of cruelty.

"Dreadful as our former march had been, it was from Villa Franca that the march of death may be said to have begun. From Villa Franca to Castro, is one continued toil up Monte del Cebiero. It was one of the sweetest scenes I ever beheld, could our eyes have enjoyed any thing that did not minister to our wants. There was nothing to sustain our famished bodies, or shelter them from the rain or snow. We were either drenched with rain, or crackling with ice. Fuel we could find none. The sick and wounded that we had been still enabled to drag with us in the wagons, were now left to perish in the snow. The road was one line of bloody foot-marks, from the sore feet of the men; and on its sides, lay the dead and the dying. Human nature could do no more. Donald M'Donald, the hardy Highlander, began to fail. He, as well as myself, had long been bare-footed and lame; he, that had encouraged me to proceed, now himself lay down to die. For two days he had been almost blind, and unable, from a severe cold, to hold up his head. We sat down together; not a word escaped our lips. We looked around, then at each other, and closed our eyes. We felt there was no hope. We would have given in charge a farewell to our friends; but who was to carry it? There were, not far from us, here and there, above thirty in the same situation with ourselves. There was nothing but groans mingled with execrations, to be heard, between the pauses of the wind. I attempted to pray and recommend myself to God; but my mind was so confused, I could not arrange my ideas. I almost think I was deranged.

"After we had gained the summit of Monte del Castro, and were descending, I was roused by a crowd of soldiers. My curiosity prompted me to go to it; I knew it must be no common occurrence that could attract their sympathy. Judge of the feelings which I want words to express. In the centre lay a woman, young and lovely, though cold in death, and a child, apparently about six or seven months old, attempting to draw support from the breast of its dead mother. Tears filled every eye, but no one had the power to aid. While we stood around, gazing on the interesting object, then on each other, none offered to speak, each heart was so full.

"From the few remaining wagons we had been able to bring with us, women and children, who had hitherto sustained, without perishing, all our aggravated sufferings, were every now and then, laid out upon the snow, frozen to death. An old tattered blanket, or some other piece of garment, was all the burial that was given them. The soldiers who perished lay uncovered, until the next fall of snow, or heavy drift, concealed their bodies.

"Before our reserve left Lugo, general orders were issued, warning and exhorting us to keep order, and march together; but, alas! how could men observe order amidst such sufferings? or men, whose feet were naked and sore, keep up with men who, being more fortunate, had better shoes and stronger constitutions? The officers, in many points, suffered as much as

the men. I have seen officers of the guards, and others, worth thousands, with pieces of old blankets wrapt round their feet and legs; the men pointing at them, with a malicious satisfaction, saying, 'There goes three thousand a-year;' or 'There goes the prodigal son, on his return to his father, cured of his wanderings.' Even in the midst of all our sorrows, there was a bitterness of spirit, a savageness of wit, that made a jest of its own miseries.

**ATTACK UPON FLUSHING.**—"On the 13th, in the evening, we commenced a dreadful fire upon the town, from the batteries and vessels in the harbor, which threw bombs and rockets on one side, whilst the batteries plied them with round-shot on the other. I was stunned and bewildered by the noise; the bursting of bombs and falling of chimneys, all adding to the incessant roar of the artillery. The smoke of the burning houses and guns formed, altogether, a scene not to be remembered but with horror, which was increased at every cessation from firing (which was very short), by the piercing shrieks of the inhabitants, the wailings of distress, and howling of dogs. The impression was such as can never be effaced. After night fell, the firing ceased, save from the mortar batteries. The noise was not so dreadful; the eye was now the sense that conveyed horror to the mind. The enemy had set fire to Old Flushing, whilst the New Town was kept burning, by the shells and rockets. The dark flare of the burning, the reflection on the water and sky, made all the space, as far as the eye could reach, appear an abyss of fire. The faint tracks of the bombs, and luminous train of the rockets, darting towards, and falling into the flames, conveyed an idea to my mind so appalling, that I turned away and shuddered.

**COMFORTS OF A HOSPITAL.**—"I was sent, with many others, to Braeburnlees, where I remained eight weeks ill—very ill indeed. All the time I was in the hospital, my soul was oppressed by the distresses of my fellow-sufferers, and shocked at the conduct of the hospital men. Often have I seen them fighting over the expiring bodies of the patients, their eyes not yet closed in death, for articles of apparel that two had seized at once; curses and oaths mingling with the dying groans and prayers of the poor sufferers. How dreadful to think, as they were carried from each side of me, it might be my turn next! There was none to comfort, none to give a drink of water with a pleasant countenance. I had now time to reflect with bitterness on my past conduct; here I learnt the value of a parent's kindness.

"I had been unable to write since my illness, and I longed to tell my mother where I was, that I might hear from her. I crawled along the wall of the hospital to the door to see if I could find one more convalescent than myself, to bring me paper. I could not trust the hospital men with the money. To see the face of heaven, and breathe the pure air, was a great inducement to this difficult exertion. I feebly, and with anxious joy, pushed up the door! horrid moment, dreadful sight! Donald, my only, my long tried friend, lay upon the barrow, at the stair-head to be carried to the dead-room; his face was uncovered, and part of his body naked. The light forsook my eyes, I became dreadfully sick, and fell upon the body. When I recovered again, there was a vacancy of thought and incoherence of ideas, that remained with me for some time; and it was long before I could open a door, without feeling an unpleasant sensation.

**SOME SCENES IN THE PENINSULAR WAR.**—*Single combats.*—"With dreadful shouts, they leaped over that wall before which they had stood, when guarded by British. We were scarce able to withstand their fury. To retreat was impossible; all behind being ploughed land, rendered deep by the rain. There was not a moment to hesitate. To it we fell, pell-mell, French and English mixed together. It was a trial of strength in single combat; every man had his opponent, many had two. I got one up to the

wall, on the point of my bayonet. He was unhurt: I would have spared him; but he would not spare himself. He cursed and defied me, nor ceased to attack my life, until he fell, pierced by my bayonet. His breath died away in a curse and menace. This was the work of a moment: I was compelled to this extremity. I was again attacked, but my antagonist fell, pierced by a random shot. We soon forced them to retire over the wall, cursing their mistake.

"A French dragoon, who was dealing death around, forced his way up to near where I stood. Every moment I expected to be cut down. My piece was empty; there was not a moment to lose. I got a stab at him, beneath the ribs, upwards; he gave a back stroke, before he fell, and cut the stock of my musket in two: thus I stood unarmed. I soon got another, and fell to work again.

*Retreat of the French.*—"This retreat brought to my mind the Coruna race. We could not advance 100 yards without seeing dead soldiers of the enemy stretched upon the road, or at a little distance from it, who had lain down to die, unable to proceed through hunger and fatigue. We could not pity them, miserable as they were. Their retreat resembled more that of famished wolves than men. Murder and devastation marked their way; every house was a sepulchre, a cabin of horrors! Our soldiers used to wonder why the Frenchmen were not swept by heaven from the earth, when they witnessed their cruelties. In a small town called Safrea, I saw twelve dead bodies lying in one house upon the floor! Every house contained traces of their wanton barbarity. Often has a shade of doubt crossed my mind, when reading the accounts of former atrocities; often would I think—they are exaggerated—thank God we live in more civilized times. How dreadfully were my doubts removed! I cease to describe, lest I should raise doubts similar to my own.

"During these two days, I had an opportunity of witnessing the desolation caused by the French soldiers. In one small village, I counted seventeen dead bodies of men, women, and children; and most of the houses were burnt to the ground. The Portuguese were not unrevenged of their destroyers; great numbers of whom had lain down, unable to proceed, from wounds or fatigue, and had been either killed by the peasantry, or died, unheard, amongst the devastation themselves or their fellows had made.

*Field of Albuera after the battle.*—"When I first came upon the very spot where the battle of Albuera had been fought, I felt very sad; the whole ground was still covered with the wrecks of an army, bonnets, cartridge-boxes, pieces of belts, old clothes, and shoes: the ground in numerous ridges, under which lay many a heap of mouldering bones. It was a melancholy sight; it made us all very dull for a short time.

**TREATMENT OF THE WOUNDED.**—"We then marched off towards the Black Forest, leaving our wounded, whose cries were piercing; but we could not help them. Numbers continued to follow us, crawling on their hands and knees, filling the air with their groans. Many, who could not do so, held out their hands, supplicating to be taken with us. We tore ourselves away, and hurried to get out of sight. We could not bear it.

"The night was dark and stormy. The wounded officers were carried in blankets on the shoulders of the men. The wounded soldiers who had been enabled still to keep up with us, made the heart bleed at their cries; while the forcing up of the baggage caused such a noise, that the whole was a scene of misery and confusion.

**THE MORALITY OF WAR.**—"In the afternoon, the French blew up the bridge over the Nive, and retired out of the town. We then marched into it; and were cantoned, and lay there for a considerable time; the French on one side and we on the other; our sentinel and theirs on the bridge,

not five yards asunder. The night before we crossed, the French came down to the banks of the river with their music, and gave us a tune or two. We thought to change their tune before next night. We were then to be all under arms at a minute's notice.

"About nine o'clock, the whole of our in-lying picquets were called to cover a party of sappers and miners in raising a battery to cover our fording ground; and the sentinel on the broken bridge received orders to shoot the French sentinel, on the first gun for alarm being fired. Both were walking from one parapet to another; the Frenchman unconscious of any unusual danger; the English sentinel listening, and often looking to the victim; his heart revolting from the deed he dared not disobey. The match touched the signal gun; next moment the French sentinel fell into the river, pierced by a ball."

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POWER OF THE PEACE PRINCIPLE.—No. 2.

The law of love addresses itself with effect to all sentient beings; and to some illustrations in a late number, we now add the following well-authenticated story from the pen of a young lady in Stratford to Rev. J. H. Linsley. The bird described was the chirping sparrow.

THE BIRDS.—"Early in the summer of 1840, as I was one morning reclining on my couch in the back room, the doors being open, a very small bird came hopping in, and ran about the floor, apparently in quest of something to eat. I happened to have a soda biscuit by me, and instantly threw it some crumbs, which it ran to and ate as if very hungry. In a few minutes, it flew out; but before long, it returned bringing another with it. I fed them both plentifully, and they flew out. In a short time, one returned, and partook again; after a while the other; and so they continued through the day. I did not think of seeing them any more; but I had no sooner taken my accustomed place on my couch the next morning, than in came one of my little visitors, quite tame and quite at home. It ran near me, took a hasty breakfast, and ran out. Soon its mate came, and took his in quite as friendly a manner.

Thus they continued coming from ten to thirty times a day, and soon became so attached to their hostess, that they would seldom take their meal, ever ready on a clean piece of paper by the door, but would run close to my couch, and look up to me, to have me drop it to them at my side, which they would take perfectly unconcerned. They appeared for a time quite afraid of strangers, particularly children, and would look to me as they came in, as if to ask, is it safe? However, they soon lost their fears of them, and would come in when three or four were present. After a few weeks they began to carry away large pieces every time they came, after satisfying their hunger, which convinced me they had little ones to feed; and I was astonished to see what a little load they would carry, oftentimes three pieces at once, as large as half a large pea.

Thus they continued visiting me for months, until some time in the last of September, just after tea, at the edge of a delightful evening, I heard such a chirping and chattering as almost deafened me. In an instant the little mother appeared, enticing along her dear little ones, which were almost splitting their little throats with their chattering; and soon the father appeared. They ran up the steps into the room, and stopped just in the door, perfectly still except the mother, who ran to me very hastily, stopped at my side, looked up in my face, and began to talk, as she thought, as intelligibly as any person would, conversing with me. I never was more astonished. I supposed that she was asking me to protect her little ones. She stood in this manner a few moments, talking as fast as she could, when she ran back to her children, and they all commenced